AN

ACCOUNT

OF A

Strange and Wonderful

APPARITION

LATELY SEEN IN

TRINITY-COLLEGE, *Dublin.*

OR, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

POET

AND HIS

Grandmother's Ghoſt.

Printed in the Year MDCC XXXIV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30
MAR

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AN ACCOUNT, &c.

(Enter *Poet*, repeating to himſelf.)

HER[a] *heavenly Form ſhall with* Belinda's *live,*
And Tempeſt's Roſes bloſſom in the Grave:
Yet look her Eyes ſo ſoft, into the Soul,
That ſoft ſeems rough, wou'd we expreſs the whole.
Eyes bright as Noon, and looks like Ev'ning mild,
Like Sun ſet bluſhing, and like Zephyr *wild:*
Her Lips like Morning, and like Night her Hair,
This is call'd Beauty, this is to be fair.

(*Enter Ghoſt abruptly.*)

Ghoſt.—IS't thus you ſquander Time, thus rack your Skull?
This is call'd Dulneſs, this is to be dull.
Poet.— Ha! What art thou, that at Midnight
Doſt interrupt me, whilſt I write;
Art thou *Calliope*, or *Clio*,
Terpſichore, or ſweet *Thalia*,
Or She, who taught me to rehearſe,
My Grandame's Funeral in Verſe?
Ghoſt— In vain the Muſe's Aid you boaſt,
I am thy Grandame's injur'd Ghoſt.
Not all the Owls, which haunt the Gloom,
And Nightly Screech around my Tomb;

[a] Theſe wonderful Lines, with two hundred more ſuch, may be found in a Poem, entitled the *Progreſs of Beauty*, publiſh'd ſome Months ſince by *George Faulkner*; and perhaps yet extant in his Shop.

Not all the Sins upon my Conſcience
Plague me ſo much as thy damn'd Nonſenſe.
The horrid Elegy you gave (b)
Makes People curſe me in my Grave,
And yet the wretched Epitaph
Can never fail to make them laugh.
Poet— Alas! dear Ghoſt—I thought no Evil—
I meant it well——
Ghoſt— You meant the Devil—
Such is the Magick of thy Numbers,
They lull the Living into Slumbers:
Yet heavier on the Dead they fall,
They will not let them ſleep at all.
Such loads of Stuff you daily vent,
As if your Stock wou'd ne'er be ſpent:
With what a Scurvey art thou ſmitten —!
Poet— Alas! alas! what have I written?
Ghoſt— What written doſt thou ask? —— God wot——
What Nonſenſe haſt thou written not——?
Why ſhould I all thy Works recount?
The very Titles wou'd amount
To ſuch a Sum; e'er I cou'd go
Thro' half, the warning Cock wou'd crow.
On what in Order ſhall I fix?
Imprimis (c) Paſtorals full ſix.
Then with long Toil, and painful Study
You made the City (d) Baſon muddy:

And

(b) The Heroe of this Dialogue had written a moſt miſerable Elegy on his Grandmother, and has been ſince haunted by her Ghoſt, as he himſelf has frequently declar'd.

(c) It is likewiſe as certain, that he has written four City Eclogues as extraordinary in their Kind, I do not know why omitted by his Grandmother.

(d) A Poem of our Author's, the Spirit of which may be gathered from the following Specimen.

Where curſed Needles, and confounded Pins
Conſpire to play the Devil with my Shins.

And *Horace* next, his Senſe not knowing,
A Sloven in your [e] Art of Beauing:
And [f] *Abelard* in Numbers *Runic*
You made a ſecond time an Eunuch:
Then [g] *Blarney-Tow'r* in Metre Grubbiſh
You ſunk into Poetick Rubbiſh:
Then in your [h] Progreſs, ev'ry Line,
Deform'd the Female Charms divine,
Wherein their injur'd Swains are fully
Reveng'd to ſee them drawn ſo dully.
[i] *Thompſon* you ſcourg'd with Praiſe, and ſunk in
Lampooning Panegyrick *Dunkin* [k]
Then ſeiz'd with a Religious Qualm,
You wrote a Penitential Pſalm; [l]

[e] The Art of beauing written profeſſedly in Imitation of *Horace*'s Art of Poetry — we are ſorry we can't favour the Reader with a Specimen of it, the Poem being entirely extinct.

[f] The Author to rival Mr. *Pope*'s fine Piece, as he elegantly calls it in his Preface, wrote a Letter from *Abelard* to *Eloiſa* —The only Part we can find ſurviving of this fine Piece, is the following moſt natural Simile,

Loſt Eloiſa, *thou no more ſhalt charm,*
Fair as thy ſelf, and as thy Perſon warm.

In which, he ſeems to imitate this beautiful Line mentioned in the *Bathos*, none but himſelf could be his Parallel.

[g] A Poem, ſo call'd from *Blarney* in the County of *Cork*, no leſs famous for the Candour and Ingenuity of its Inhabitants, according to the known *Proverb*, than the Nativity of our *Author* — This is happily extant in his own Study, being not yet publiſh'd —

[h] Progreſs of Beauty before mention'd.

[i] *Vide* the Poem tack'd to the Proſpect of *Poetry*.

[k] He abus'd this Gentleman in a *Panegyrick*, and complimented him with a *Satyr* at different Times.

[l] He verſify'd one of the *Pſalms* of *David* for the Uſe of ſome Gentlemen in *Newgate*.

Rather a Burleſque on the Pſalter
For Fellons deſtin'd to the Halter.
[m] A Sonnet on a Kettle——more a
[n] Poem on *Zephyrus* and *Flora*,
Stol'n, if to mention it were proper,
From *Parnel*, and a Plate of Copper.
[o] Next *Middleſex* you made a Lubbard,
Ap'd from a painted Chop-houſe Cup-board.
Deſcriptions twain, of [p] *Stephen's Green*,
And [q] *Tinny-Park*, tho' yet unſeen.
[r] A Birth-day Ode upon the King,
As you woud ſay, but none wou'd ſing.
Item, you foul'd ten Sheets of Paper,
To make ſix bad Lines on the *Drapier*.

A De-

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[m] A Poem on a Tea-Kettle, addreſs'd to a *Lady*, wherein were ſeveral witty and ingenious *Puns*. This is alſo loſt.

[n] The *Author* borrow'd the Plan of the Poem from a very common Copper-Plate, and metamorphos'd ſeveral Lines from Dr. *Parnell's Vigil of Venus* into it. This Piece is alſo Inviſible.

[o] A Poem on his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet's* Eldeſt Son playing with a Fawn; the hint of which the *Author* has taken from a Piece of Groteſque Painting on a Cup-board in a common Eating-Houſe, in *Fleet-Lane*.

[p] A Poem of our *Author's*, falſly attributed to the late Mr. *Coffey*, (and if we miſtake not) publiſhed in his Works.

[q] A Piece, which with the Water-Fall of *Power's-Court*, our *Author* without having ever ſeen either, thro' the ſole heat of his Imagination, has deſcrib'd in a moſt lively manner.

[r] An Ode, which he propoſed to have had ſung at the Caſtle on his Majeſty's Birth-Day; but it was (I know not on what Account) rejected by the *State-Muſicians*.

[s] A Dedication to *Delany*,
Who had more Grace than to take any.
Beſides ——— but why ſhou'd I remark here
The ſcurvy Lines you wrote on *Parker*? [t]
His Hand the Tempeſt cou'd perform,
Thy Muſe was calm amidſt the Storm.
[v] The Rocks of *Carbery* in vain
By *Swift* are ſung in *Mantuan* Strain.
Alas! What Evils muſt befate him,
If *Carthy* conſtrues, you tranſlate him.
Poet.— O Murder! Murder! Murder! Murder!
Enough, enough, proceed no further.
Ghoſt.— Enough? —— I have but juſt begun;
Why, Sirrah, I ſhou'd ne'er have done.
[w] An Epilogue, which none can fellow me,
Spoke in Boy's Cloaths by Mrs. *Bellamy*.
Anacreonticks on the Spring,
Six Epigrams without one Sting.
[x] Thy proſtituted Muſe with ill Lips
Sung to the Laud of *Namby Phillips*
And other Vermin of thy Party;
Witneſs thy Verſes upon *Carthy* — [y] She

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[s] This Author wrote a voluminous Poem entitled the Proſpect of Poetry, which he ſent with a very polite Dedication to this Reverend Perſon, who was pleaſed modeſtly to decline that Honour. It was ſince publiſhed with a Dedication to Lord *Orrery* moſt felonioufly, after he had left the Kingdom, to his Lordſhip's great Aſtoniſhment.

[t] He wrote a Compliment to Mr. *Parker* upon his painting a Sea-Piece, which he had never ſeen.

[v] This Poem was written in Latin by Dr. *Swift*, made into Engliſh Proſe by one *Carthy*, and from thence turned into Verſe by Mr. *Dalacourt*, who was very angry with the Dean for not giving it a Place among his Works now in the Preſs.

[w] The following Groupe of Poetical Performances, having been publiſhed a Month ago, have thro' the great Injury of Time been irretrievably loſt.

[x] A Poem in Praiſe of Namby's Pambaic Verſes.

She wrote, through Disappointment sore-set,
A Satyr on the Duke of *D—rf—t*— [z]
And yet that Satyr unsatyrick
Was kinder than your Panegyrick——
But for thy Sonnets on Miss —— [a]
You shou'd be sentenc'd at *Old-Baily*——
She cou'd not, tho' shut up in Nunnery,
Be safe from thy Poetick Gunnery.
Commendatory Lines were penn'd
Unto your self as from a Friend;
And Letters oft for female shewn,
Tho' by the Stile and Hand your own.
What Sink, what Jakes about the City
But hath receiv'd of thine some Ditty?
Tho' thou wer't cag'd up all the Winter
In Garret by some [b] Curl-like Printer.
Condemn'd to scribble without Fuel,
And pine on Bread and Water-Gruel,
Not even this cou'd half attone
For all the Mischief thou hast done.
I Swear by *Pluto*'s gloomy Terrours——
Poet.— O swear not — I confess my Errours—
Ghost.— I swear, if you persist to write,
That I shall haunt thee ev'ry Night,
And plague thee with my Presence more
Than thou didst me with Verse before.
I'll pull thy Curtains, and —thy Nose——
And tear thy Verses—— hast thou Prose?

Poet

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[y] Bail-Verses to be prefix'd to *Carthy*'s *Longinus*.

[z] This Gentleman having written a Poem in Praise of the Duke's Daughter, and not meeting with a Reward suitable to his Merit, was pleased to compliment him, and the whole Family with a Satire. It is reported however that Mr. *Carthy* being a Fellow-Sufferer had a Hand in it.

[a] The Author visited her with Verses after her Retirement into a Nunnery.

[b] See this Gentleman's Character in the *Dunciad*.

Poet frighten'd] Pro—Proſe—no Madam, not a Tittle——

I have no Proſe——except a Little——

Ghoſt.— A little what?—come tell, I ſwear if You don't——

Poet.——— A Novel on Count *Tariff*.[c]

Ghoſt—This too ſhall ſuffer the ſame Sentence, Unleſs you ſave it by Repentance.
So ſwear thou never wilt rehearſe,
Nor ever make or ſteal a Verſe.

Poet.— I ſwear by all the tuneful Quire——
By *Milton*, *Addiſon*, and *Prior*,
By *Swift*, by *Pope*, by *Parnel*'s Lays——

Ghoſt.— Hold—ſwear not, Wretch, by ſuch as theſe.
Kneel down, while I pronounce an Oath,
Which you muſt take upon your Troth.
I ſwear by *Duck* and *Coffey*'s Lays,
By *Euſden*'s Odes, and *Cibber*'s Plays.

Poet kneeling.] I ſwear by *Duck* and *Coffey*'s Lays;
By *Euſden*'s Odes, and *Cibber*'s Plays——

Ghoſt.— I ſwear by *Durfey*'s Madrigals,
And *Namby Pamby*'s Paſtorals.

Poet.— I ſwear by *Durfey*'s Madrigals,
And *Namby Pamby*'s Paſtorals.

Ghoſt— I ſwear by *Carthy*'s Blank Tranſlation,
By *Blackmore*'s *Arthurs* and Creation.

Poet.— I ſwear by *Carthy*'s Blank Tranſlation,
By *Blackmore*'s *Arthurs* and Creation.

Ghoſt.— That henceforth I ſhall ne'er rehearſe,
Nor ever make or ſteal a Verſe—

Poet.— That henceforth I ſhall ne'er rehearſe,
Nor ever make or ſteal a Verſe.

Ghoſt.—So help you God—the Cocks are Crowing;
'Tis twelve a Clock—I muſt be going. *Poet*

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[c] A Novel written by our Author, who has paid himſelf many and deſerved Compliments under that Character.

Poet ſolus.—Ye matchleſs Worthies of the Quill,
By whom I ſwore againſt my Will,
Forgive me, if I break my Oath.
'Tis but to give your Empire Growth;
My Grannum's Menaces I ſpurn,
While to my Proſpect I return,
To fill the Margin with Quotation.
And change the ſecond Dedication:
I'll hunt thro' *Byſhe*'s Art for Rhyme,
And write it o'er the twentieth Time.

Florilegium Carthianum.

On Mr. Carthy, *for his Tranſlation of* Horace.

ONce *Horace* fancied from a Man } *Vide* 20 Ode
He was transform'd into a Swan, } Book the 2d.
But *Carthy*, as from him thou learneſt,
Has made the Man a Gooſe in earneſt.

On the ſame
For threatning the World with a Tranſlation of Pindar.

THou haſt ſlain *Horace*, what ſhou'd hinder
Thy Muſe from falling upon *Pindar*?
But e'er you mount his mettled Steed,
Beware, O *Bard*, how you proceed.
If you ſhou'd give him once the Reins,
High up in Air he'll turn your Brains;
And if you ſhou'd his Fury check,
'Tis ten to one, he breaks your Neck.

On Creech's *hanging himſelf, for having tranſlated* Horace.

CReech murder'd *Horace* in his ſenſeleſs Rhymes,
But hung himſelf to expiate his Crimes.
What then muſt *Carthy* do in proper Seaſon,
Who murder'd *Horace* without Rhyme or Reaſon?

On

On Carthy, *for his most impudent Assertion in Print that I had taken Hints and Subjects from him, and his demanding them back from me.*

HInts shou'd I borrow from thy Muse,
That never had a Hint to lose?
Thy vain Demands are so absurd,
No Man alive will take thy Word:
One Subject from thy hands I took,
The very worst on Earth —— thy Book;
To that thou hast no Right in one Sense,
I paid too much for't in all Conscience.
N. B. The Price half a Crown.

On the same for declaring that I wou'd never publish my Poems.

YOU say that I shall never Print
My Book, and swear there's nothing in't:
This you affirm; and, were it true,
Perhaps it had been well for You.
But shou'd I never print a Letter,
And bilk the Publick, it were better,
Better to keep it within Doors,
Than plague them with such Stuff as your's

By Another Hand.

SAtyrs and Epigrams in vain you write,
There's a securer Way to wreck your Spite.
Wou'd you at once display your utmost Hate,
Dunkin has been for *Latin* fam'd— translate.

To the same.

THY Labours, *Carthy*, long conceal'd from Light,
Pil'd in a Garret charm'd the Author's Sight.

But

But forc'd from their Retirement into Day,
The Tender Embryos half unknown decay.
Thus Lamps, which burn'd in Tombs with silent Glare,
Expire, when first expos'd to open Air.

To the same, upon his sending about Speciment to force People to Subscribe to his Longinus.

THUS vagrant Beggars, to extort
By Charity a mean Support,
Their Sores and putrid Ulcers show,
And shock our Sense, till we bestow.

To the same, upon his accusing Mr. D——n *for not publishing his Book of Poems.*

HOW different from thine is *Dunkin's* Lot?
Thou'rt curst for Publishing, and he for not.

By Another Hand, upon his being complimented by Dalacourt, *and others equally obscure.*

CArby, you say, writes well--suppose it true.
You pawn your Word for him —— who'll vouch for you?
So two poor Knaves, who find their Credit fail,
To cheat the World become each other's Bail.

The End of the First Part.